



O D E 7.

I did think to write of war, And martial
chiefdens of the field, DIANA did enforce to
yield My Muse to praise the Western Star!
But PALLAS did my purpose bar, My Muse
as too weak, it to -wield!

ELIZA'S praises wene too
high ! Divmest Wits have done
their best! And ye^ the most
have proved least; Such was
her Sacred Majesty! Love's
Pride ! Grace to Virginitie! O
could my Muse, in her praise
rest *I*

VENUS directed me to write The
praise of peerless Beauty's
Wonder! , A theme more .fit for
voice of thunder! PA&THENOPHE,
from whose eyes bright,
iWtHdusa'iid Graces dared my
might, And willed nie, five degrees
write under!

But yet her Fancy wrought so
much, That my Muse did, her
praise adventure! Wherein, of
yore, it durst not enter. And
nowjfoer beauty gives that touch
Unto my Muse, in number such;
Which makes me more and more
repent her I